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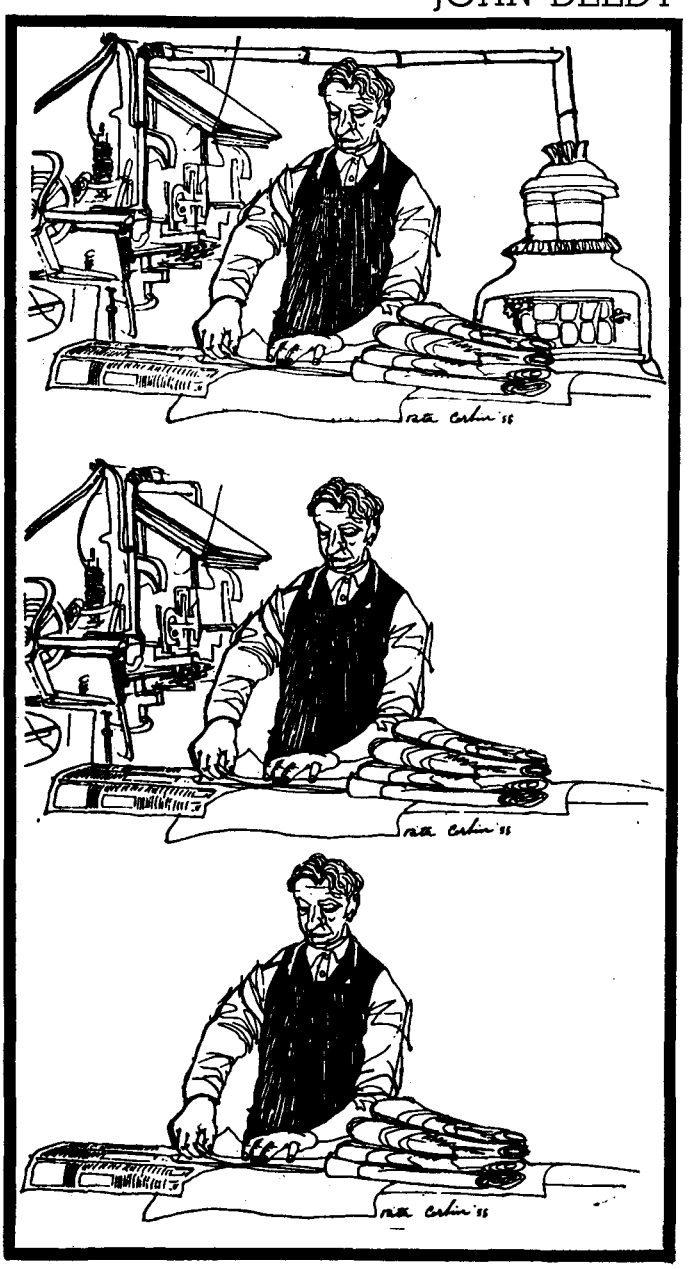

PRISON-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX
JIM CASTELLI

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TWO REVIEWS
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LEONARD KRIEGEL

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NEWS & VIEWS

'Suffer the Little Ones . . .'

The National Council of Churches has placed its weight behind Senate Bill S-2497 for the establishment of a "Vietnam Children's Care Agency" to lend assistance to all war-victim children aged 16 or younger, whether abandoned, orphaned, or living with families at a poverty level.

The bill's particular object of concern is the more than 400,000 mixed-race children fathered by U.S. personnel. These children now comprise 3 percent of South Vietnam's population, and their future is hardly promising in a society which assumes the mother of a mixed-race child to be or have been a prostitute, and the child to be "illegitimate."

Assistance would be channeled through or into new and existing orphanages, day-care centers and hostels. Training for workers, post-natal and child care, and clothing would be provided. Negotiations would also be conducted to facilitate the overseas adoption of such children, with funds being provided to aid the adoptive parents. Priority would be given to children whose fathers are U.S. citizens.

On all counts the bill is one demanded by the most rudimentary understanding of justice, but backers are beginning to fear that it will never get to the floor. It was introduced on Sept. 8 by Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey, and assigned to the Foreign Relations Committee; on Oct. 19 it was still pending before that committee, no action whatsoever having been taken.

Winburn T. Thomas articulated NCC fears. "The mood in America is that the war is over," he commented, "and the average American has little interest in Vietnam or in lending further assistance to this hapless country. Compassion fatigue has set in."

Mr. Thomas may very well be right. If so, the turning of American backs on the children being left behind by GI's will rank with the cruelest acts of a cruel, cruel war.

'Angelic Rhetoric'

By official church-state agreement, the Latin American nation of Colombia is "consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." Each year this consecration is renewed, and this year Colombian President Misael Pastrana presided over the ceremonies. He declared that "faith in the Sacred Heart is the only hope for those who live in misery."

His statement was promptly challenged by a group of priests and laymen from some of the poorer sections of Bogota. In a public manifesto that reached the newspapers, the group charged that such talk constitutes "an opiate of the people."

The Christian Century recounts the events in its Oct. 6 issue.

Explaining their manifesto, the signers contended that Pastrana's "angelic rhetoric" sought to make the poor think more of heaven than of ways to solve the concrete problems of human existence.

One of the signers was Dr. Gustavo Perez, well known in Colombia for an exposé of the abusive treatment of Indians in the Planas region. In an interview, he declared that it is important to "desacralize the almost magical control the church has over people." Perez urged the establishment of a socialist state in Colombia, explaining that he was referring to the abolition of private property and the development of government by the proletariat.

Colombia's conservative hierarchy took a dim view of the protest. One bishop termed reactions to Pastrana's statement "disrespectful" and "blasphemous," and added that the signers of the manifesto "inspire pity for their religious ignorance."

Great Men

The *Washington Post* of Oct. 17 featured a Ronald Steel conversation with retired political pundit Walter Lippmann. Following is Lippmann, 82, on the great figures of his lifetime:

Q: *Who do you consider the most impressive public figures you have known in your career?*

A: I think Charles de Gaulle.

Q: *What was it about him that you particularly admired?*

A: His extraordinarily prophetic vision, his ability to see the outcome of things that were not at all obvious. I don't think his judgment about what was in front of him was particularly acute, but for the distance, there has never been anyone in our time more acute. Of course I was impressed with Churchill very much during the war—although after the war much less so. Nobody I've known in American history, that I've met, would I put in the same class as those two men, de Gaulle and Churchill.

Q: *Although not in the same class as de Gaulle and Churchill, which of the Presidents in your experience would you say were the most effective?*

A: Theodore Roosevelt, who has not gotten the historical credit he deserves. In terms of ushering in a new era Theodore Roosevelt was the first President to realize that the days of our isolation were over, and we were therefore, whether we liked it or not, a world power. He realized, too, that we were no longer an agricultural country. He was not the only man, but he was the first President who made it a part of his policy to realize that we had gone into the era of the corporation, and that they had to be regulated. Those were two really gigantic things to have done so early.

Q: *He's often dismissed, considered a jingoist, an advocate of gunboat diplomacy.*

A: He was all that too, and my wife Helen, for instance, . . . grew up feeling all that about him and she can't get over it. She thinks that I'm slightly daft.

Q: *Would you rate Wilson as high?*

A: Oh, no. I think on the whole Wilson's influence has been a bad one on America. Messianism, globalism, moralism. I think that a great deal of the mess we've gotten into, the trouble we've gotten into, was articulated by Wilson. Nixon has called himself a Wilsonian.

Odds and Ends

—The London *Times* notes that Norman St. John-Stevas, M.P., has transferred his column from the *Catholic Herald* to *The Tablet*, where he is ideologically more comfortable. *The Tablet* has undergone a progressive-liberal transformation under editor Tom Burns, whereas the *Catholic Herald*, once the voice of British Catholic liberalism, has turned conservative.

—Martin F. Nolan quotes on page one of the *Boston Globe* what he labels Edmund Muskie's "occasional, unloving description of his staff": "those nameless, faceless bastards."

—Senator Frank Church on our European defense line: "American troops and their families live in such splendor in Europe that they wouldn't move out even if the Russians moved in."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Yale Strike

New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors: Dennis Hale in your issue of Sept. 17 deals scathingly with Yale University. Since I have been connected with this institution for well over fifty years I am in a position to refute some of his strictures and explain some of our behavior.

He complains that the students and the liberals on the faculty did not support the strike of last spring and reviews the reasons which he says were given by the liberals for their aloofness. I count myself a liberal. I did not support the strike. My reasons were not those which he mentions. I dissented because:

1) The union demanded the discontinuance of student employment. Their demand would simply make Yale into a rich man's school. The annual cost is estimated per student at $5,000. The money can come from parents. If the boy is poor his parents don't have it. Or from the government—the government has cut off subsidies. Or from university scholarships—university scholarships are drastically cut at a time when universities are having to reduce their annual expenditure by five, six and even seven million dollars. What's left, if not student employment? If that is denied, the student without wealth is eliminated. In that case Yale becomes a school of the affluent and the gap between the university and the community is widened.

2) The union demanded that no unskilled workers be dropped. That is the policy which kills the goose that lays the golden egg. It killed the Penn Central. If an employing institution in a time of depression cannot eliminate unneeded labor the institution may go under.

3) The union demanded that if a worker dropped out there must be a replacement. But if a teacher drops out at Yale there is no replacement. The union's demand might mean in time

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PRESERVING A U.N. PRESENCE

Tight finances demand unhappy decisions of bishops no less than anyone else. Thus a year ago the American hierarchy was forced into what were described as reluctant economies affecting its implementing organization, the U.S. Catholic Conference, to help offset a $2 million operating loss. The most crucial decision was the phasing out of the Task Force on Urban Affairs, a decision which understandably caused concern among those who worry about the American church's focus shifting disproportionately from the cities to the more affluent and less chaotic suburbs.

It is budget time again for the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, and the approach of the bishops' November meeting brings with it reports of a contemplated economy which many Catholics will surely find as disturbing as any of last year's. Reference is to the possible closing of the USCC's Office for United Nations Affairs, the New York-based operation which furnishes the official American Catholic presence at the UN. The Office is funded through next June or July, but beyond those months a large question mark looms.

No one is confirming that the USCC's Office for UN Affairs is being closed, but among those close to the Office, apprehension is thick enough to cut. Concern transcends, of course, the Office's five-person staff; it centers rather about the preservation of a presence and an agency which since 1946 has channeled not only information to the myriad USCC departments relative to UN business, but which has conscientiously sought to fashion a Christian response to the problems and decisions of the UN itself. Invariably the efforts of the Office have been pro-UN, a measure of merit all its own, considering the opposition and indifference with which segments of the Catholic community have regarded the UN at various moments in its history. Given the UN's own internal problems, of finances and of leadership, it is more reason to guarantee the USCC Office for UN Affairs a continuing function; the satisfactory resolution of these problems will undoubtedly require organizational support such as that traditionally lent by the USCC office.

All of this is not to say that the Office for UN Affairs is an untouchable. Perhaps the on-going reorganization of the USCC dictates consolidation of the Office within the newer Division of World Justice and Peace or in some other section of the bishops' Department for International Affairs; the

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Division of World Justice and Peace idea could be a good one actually, if the U.S. group were to speak with the same forthrightness that its Vatican counterpart did recently in indicting the economic policies of "a few rich nations." But in no instance should the future of the Office for UN Affairs be less than its past. If this happens, or if the Office is closed, then there is full reason for calling into question the priorities of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

In another UN context, we welcome the Administration's disavowal of the threat of Senator James Buckley and 21 other Senators to cut back United States financing of the UN, over the ouster of Nationalist China from the organization, and we trust the fact that this disavowal was articulated by a lower-echelon spokesman is no barometer of Administration indecisiveness on the point. Buckley's ploy amounts to political blackmail; it is the worst kind of international politics. The Administration is wise to walk wide. The UN is in a state "of near and hopeless insolvency," in U Thant's own words. To begin to play Buckley's game would have consequences in terms of effectiveness and perhaps longevity that even Mr. Buckley would come to regret.

THE PRAYER AMENDMENT

All, or almost all, Americans believe in "separation of church and state" but the term means quite different things to, say, the American Jewish Congress and the Knights of Columbus. The editors of this magazine, in turn, would sometimes agree with one of these organizations and sometimes with the other, and often enough with neither. The AJC school often strikes us as too rigid and inflexible in its approach to church-state problems, too doctrinaire; the Knights, on the other hand, and many other Catholic spokesmen are more willing than we are to see the state undertake the church's work. This variety, we suppose, is part of what has come to be thought of as the American way of religious pluralism, in which competing interpretations of the First Amendment strive for public support.

Such a competition is now underway, with the opposing forces lining up on the issue of a constitutional amendment to permit prayers in public schools, which will soon come to a vote in the House. The pro-Amendment forces see this as their chance to reverse Supreme Court rulings striking down Bible reading and compulsory prayer in the public schools, and perhaps to cast a vote against all recent changes in American life of which they disapprove. The anti-Amendment forces, on the other hand, view the matter as just one more attempt to create some kind of "official" American religion and force it on a captive audience.

Often enough, church-state issues are tortured and tortuous, requiring agonizing deliberation and in the end frequently leaving one not completely settled and certain in mind. This does not strike us as one of those cases. The prayer amendment is a bad idea whose time we hope has not come. Non-denominational prayer is urged by its sponsors, but in fact the major religious bodies in this country have never been able to agree on what the term really means. What is non-denominational prayer to some is the establishment of a certain kind of Protestantism to others. Further, the subtle pressure that would force children to recite state-authorized prayers seems to us a clear violation of a valued and valuable American tradition of religious liberty. Finally, even aside from all these points, points which we consider substantial, there is the fact that the school prayer amendment represents only the sheerest kind of religious tokenism, providing the shadow rather than the substance of religious belief and worship. One may believe that this country has not yet succeeded in working out the most satisfactory relationship between religion and public education, as we do, and yet be firmly opposed to the prayer amendment. We hope the voting in the House will reflect this fact.

Inside the Prison-Industrial Complex

Twenty-seven percent of the inmates in federal prisons pay for their own "vocational rehabilitation," the rehabilitation of other inmates, the upkeep of $60 million in assets, and throw millions of dollars into the federal Treasury—all for a government-owned corporation that has been accused of being a handmaiden to the Defense Department, and of using questionable rehabilitation practices and slave labor.

The Federal Prison Industries, Inc., Annual Report, printed handsomely by inmates at Leavenworth, announced that F.P.I. grossed over $58.4 million last year, with a profit of $9.9; this was down from over $10 million the year before because of increases in civil service pay for employees. The average production per worker in the 54 prison shops was $12,168; the average profit per worker was $2,350. But this is the profit *per* worker, not *for* every worker. Dividing the $3,000,000 paid out in inmates' wages by the average number of inmates employed, we find that each of the 5,478 inmates averaged about $547 income for the year —on rates ranging from 17¢ to 46¢ an hour. And since the $3,000,000 includes over $600,000 paid in "meritorious service awards" to non-industry workers for certain types of work, we can see that the average is even lower.

These wages are barely enough to keep inmates in cigarettes and candy. Referring to the question of inmate

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pay, David F. Greenberg, writing in an American Friends Service Committee booklet on prisons, points out that "pay and working conditions should meet union standards." "Pay comparable to that earned for equivalent work done on the outside is given in Finland, in the Netherlands, and in the USSR," he notes. "Much of the additional cost would be absorbed by the removal of the inmates' families from welfare rolls, and the reduced probability that a prisoner with substantial cash savings will recidivate if he is unable to find a job immediately after his release."

In addition to the money spent on inmates' wages, the F.P.I. spends another $3,000,000 for vocational rehabilitation for another 27 percent of federal inmates. The vocational rehabilitation programs and the employment placement service are financed completely by F.P.I. which means that the inmates are paying for their own rehabilitation by the sweat of their brows. This is a practice, however, that is deeply rooted in tradition. Daniel Glaser wrote in a 1964 study on *The Effectiveness of a Prison and Parole System* that, when dealing with budgets and legislators, it had been easier and more politically expedient to take allotments for prisoners out of money they themselves had brought in. This is why prison industry jobs are better paying than other prison jobs, which may not pay at all.

Actually, Federal Prison Industries would have a firmer moral ground to stand on if all of its income went into rehabilitation; last year F.P.I. paid a "dividend" of $5 million to the federal Treasury, bringing to $82 million the total dividend since 1936. Even the F.P.I. Annual Report printed the recommendation of the President's Task Force on Prisoner Rehabilitation [April, 1970], which urged the F.P.I. Board to "undertake a study of the ways its annual dividend to the Treasury might be used in the area of rehabilitation, with special emphasis on job and job training programs."

In addition to receiving higher pay in prison industry jobs, inmates receive "good time" towards their release at the rate of two days per month the first year of work, four days the second through fourth year, and five days per month the fifth and following years. Non-industry workers receive $5 to $15 a month as well as some "good time" based on certain duties judged "meritorious service." All assignments are made by a Classification Committee, and work in the prison shops is completely voluntary; the authorities treat it as a privilege because of its advantages. Because of the benefits, inmates will obviously seek work in the shops even if such work won't be of any help to them after their release. Glaser points out that only a small number of prisoners eventually work in the area they were trained in prison. The F.P.I. last year found 4,563 jobs for 5,484 inmates on release, but even if the percentage of workers in prison-trained fields has increased, it still has one built-in drawback. A man working in a trade he learned while in prison may often find that practicing that trade reminds him of prison.

In addition, prison industries performs the dubious service of making many inmates cogs in the war machine. Electric cables made at Danbury, Conn., and Lompoc, Calif., are used in missiles; electrical equipment, metal goods, and tool and die materials made in other federal prisons are used by the military. This comes to millions of dollars a year.

By law, Federal Prison Industries can sell only to correctional institutions and agencies of the federal government. Products made include furniture, toothbrushes, clothes and mattresses. When the company was created, the laws were concerned with insuring that prison labor did not compete unfairly with free labor and private business. Goods are sold to the government on the grounds that F.P.I. couldn't possibly fill the government's orders by itself. Still, jobs done by inmates at niggardly salaries are competition to workers outside; this is especially true in the South, particularly in Atlanta, the big earner, where some 900 prisoners grossed $18,251,690, with an F.P.I. profit of $4,263,894. The shops make canvas goods, mattresses and textiles. All of which should place AFL-CIO president George Meany in an embarrassing position as a member of the board of F.P.I.

As for the vocational rehabilitation side of F.P.I., this too is suspect. Glaser notes that "prison industry jobs not only are not necessarily more rehabilitative, but they are not necessarily more useful to the state than other jobs in prison, such as maintenance and inmate feeding . . . The most appropriate program, from both a rehabilitation standpoint and in terms of fairness would offer all inmates an opportunity to earn money by diligently pursuing that prison program which best promotes their long-term self-sufficiency in a non-criminal life."

Glaser points out that prisoners should be treated and rewarded not on the basis of where they work, but for their efforts, improved skills, and related class-work. He also adds that inmates, like the rest of us, need recognition for a job well done.

Perhaps more significantly, Glaser found, "not training in vocational skills, but rather the habituation of inmates to regularity in constructive and rewarding employment and the anti-criminal personal influence of work supervisors are—at present—the major contribution of work in prison to inmate rehabilitation."

In other words, a more flexible, more imaginative work program with equitable pay, and the treatment of inmates like human beings, will do more to reduce recidivism and fight crime than the present convict-for-hire system. But that shouldn't surprise anyone. The question is whether these reforms can be made an issue, and whether we want society to foot the bill for true rehabilitation, or whether we want prisoners to continue to work like slaves to pay for their own captivity. JIM CASTELLI

(*Jim Castelli is a staff writer and columnist for* The Catholic News.)

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BEHIND THE POLITICAL DEBATE

PETER STEINFELS

FROM TIME to time, thinkers try to reduce political differences to matters of principle. Liberals, it is said, believe in the perfectibility of man and the fulfillment of the individual person; conservatives in man's corruption and the maintenance of tradition and society. Or perhaps one prefers other distinguishing principles: the arguments about such matters are endless.

These efforts are sometimes enlightening, though the close observer of public affairs, who is more apt to see liberal and conservative in terms of who has lunch with what lobbyist, may find them rather removed from the reality of government. Even on the intellectual level, however, the reality often seems to elude these distinctions. For example, few liberals or radicals of my acquaintance profess a belief in the perfectibility of man; if any traditional religious proposition is holding strong these days, it is Original Sin. "The Perfectibility of Man," these liberals and radicals would say, "is that on the national agenda? What we are interested in is simply an end to bombed children in Southeast Asia and to rat-bitten ones in America."

Or take another characteristic commonly offered as *the* signature of radicalism, left or right: the refusal of compromise, the determination at a certain point just to pick up one's marbles and quit the game. As an example of this "radical" tendency, several columnists have recently pointed to the strenuous efforts of reformers to have their way in the Democratic party, even by threatening to otherwise walk out and start a fourth party. The same columnists did not croak, however, at George Meany's declaration of intent to vote for Richard Nixon if the Democrats nominated Lindsay for president. (How the cries of *"politique de pire!"* and "apocalyptic outlook!" would rise from the more learned commentators of the militant middle should J. K. Galbraith announce he would vote for Nixon if the Democrats nominate Humphrey or Jackson!) It seems everyone has his own boiling point, not just radicals, and George Meany's, it turns out, is relatively low.

I am not trying to argue the absurd: that there are no real ideological differences in politics at all. But I am puzzled by the frequency with which I come across the theoretical statements of those with whom I profoundly disagree politically—and find them virtually unexceptionable. What instead appears to be crucial are differences expressed best by legal phrases such as "burden of the proof" and "presumption of innocence or guilt." So much of public affairs is—and must be—conducted without certain knowledge of the facts, either because they are terribly controverted or simply can't be known, that the most basic decision seems simply to be the one concerning burden of proof. Do we refrain from countering alleged Soviet military gains until Credibility Gap Incorporated proves beyond our natural shadow of a doubt that the danger is genuine? Or do we accept the word of Melvin Laird as to the danger and its remedy until the opposition conclusively punches holes in his position? John Cort provided a perfect example of the "burden of proof" question when he wrote that his operating principle was a maxim of Saint Louis to the effect that when the facts are in doubt, take the side of the poor.

Another dividing line of a similar nature is the question, who is and who is not part of the relevant political discussion? It is thus not simply a question of where on the political spectrum one's own position is located, but how far to the left and to the right of oneself the discussion deserves to be considered significant and worth attending to. In fact, two people whose own political philosophies, stated in rather bald terms, are quite close, may differ wildly on those whom they welcome into the political arena. The issue is important, for the "mainstream" of politics will always include a variety of views; and legitimate entry into that "mainstream" is determined not necessarily by ability to command agreement but by ability to gain a serious hearing. The bitter disputes among liberals in recent years have often set men of relatively similar outlooks against one another; what divided them was the question of how far to the (New) Left the political discussion was to be opened and, by the same token, political legitimacy extended. Among those sympathetic to the New Left, on the other hand, a sharp difference existed between those who were, and those who were not, interested in denying legitimacy to the established liberals. These matters were reflected in the kind of criticism different political factions made of the others: strong but serious in a way that implied the criticized position was worth taking seriously, or harsh in a manner, often ridiculing, implying that playing around in such backyards was a downright waste of time if not even a danger.

Finally, political differences, in the operative rather than theoretical sense, are also a matter of what one talks about or what one ignores. That choice, of the range of significant problems, can sometimes be far more important than the actual interpretation given to the issues which are talked about.

Of course, the kind of ideological distinctions the students of political philosophy emphasize do matter, but only as they are filtered through these other elements.

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THE VANISHING CATHOLIC PRESS

Where have all the Catholic publications gone?

JOHN DEEDY

The *Pittsburgh Catholic,* a diocesan newspaper founded in 1844 and describing itself as "America's oldest Catholic newspaper in continuous publication," periodically prints a promotional advertisement celebrating the paper as "a leader in Catholic journalism," in the company of such journals as "the *Oklahoma Courier*, the Davenport *Messenger*, the *Kansas City Reporter*, the Indianapolis *Criterion*, the Boston *Pilot*." "The weekly menu of articles [in these newspapers] shows an uninhibited treatment of both national and international stories," the accompanying text proclaims. "Readers . . . get an editorial diet that compares favorably with the picture of the world found in the local Sunday papers."

It is significant that the *Pittsburgh Catholic* advertisement indicates evaluator (Edward Wakin), source (*Journalism Quarterly*), but no date. Naturally; the date would undercut the promotion, just as surely as the text clues the merely moderately informed reader to the antiquity of the judgment. For there is no longer any *Oklahoma Courier* or *Kansas City Reporter*; they are victims long since to the declining fortunes of the American Catholic press. And the other publications listed? Neither hale nor hardy, they have meshed into the intellectual blur that the Catholic press has become. No serious observer would say today that the Catholic press offers an editorial diet comparable to the local Sunday paper—unless that Sunday paper is terribly bad; the Catholic press in the U.S. has lapsed quietly, but surely, into a kind of tired old age.

The reasons are several, and not totally bound up with the phenomenon of the decline of the Catholic religious establishment—though the decline of the Catholic press is certainly a part of that picture. It follows inevitably that if there is a decline in church attendance, in vocations, in general church support, there should also be a decline in the lot of the Catholic press, including *Commonweal*—which, with its lay editors, has always been considered, if "unofficial," in some way Catholic. At the same time it is also true that much of the Catholic press' troubles are of its own making, for the elementary reason that the Catholic press has not developed a new generation of thinkers, writers and editors. More than that, it has let drift away and sometimes unceremoniously chased away some of its best talent. This has not left the Catholic press talentless, by any means. But the attrition has been such, as the *Pittsburgh Catholic* advertisement suggests, that the Catholic press' richest treasure in place after place is memory of the past; not a healthy state for a medium whose business is the now and the tomorrow.

Thus, when the rosaries are out for the dear departed (*Ave Maria, Sacred Heart Messenger, Extension,* the *Duluth Register*—the list is 180-long since 1965), and when hands are being wrung over circulation drops (*Sign* from 345,129 to 174,067, *Catholic Digest* from 760,000 to 543,122, *National Catholic Register* from 763,035 to 353,895—all within ten years), it is not enough to cite the "times," the unsettling forces of renewal, the reasserted authoritarianness of the hierarchy, the alienated right or the alienated left. These factors and more have diminished the well-being of the Catholic press. But what has hurt too is the failure of the Catholic press to resupply its talent. Aside from the *National Catholic Reporter* and, I think most would allow, *Commonweal*, no Catholic publication that I can think of

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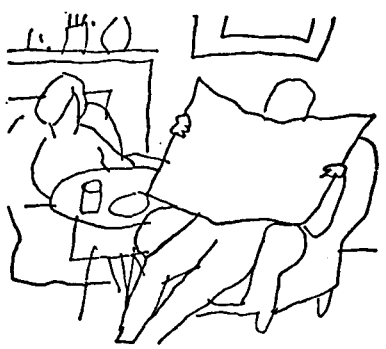
has raised up any new and compelling talent. I could return to Worcester, Mass., where I edited the *Catholic Free Press* from 1951-59, and it would be as though time had stood still, at least in the diocesan press. My options as columnists would be the same people pretty much who were writing then (Msgr. George Higgins, Joseph Breig, Father John Sheerin); the news service by-lines would still be familiar; and if the reporting of national Catholic press conventions is accurate, I could step into any cluster of Catholic press journalists and pick up the train of thought, as though the interruption had been no longer than a trip to men's room.

None of this is said to demean good and competent men, but to underscore the point about non-development of new talent. Admittedly attempts have been made, but they have been half-hearted at best and not well programmed. The Catholic Press Association did establish a scholarship plan for young men and women interested in religious journalism, but it never amounted to much. Marquette and Duquesne, universities with schools of journalism, at one time sought to make the Catholic press a specialty of the house. But Duquesne's courses suffered forever from limitations of staff and vision, and after the O'Sullivan era Marquette's journalistic fortunes rose and fell largely with one man, Donald McDonald. Whether these fortunes were tied too closely to single personalities or not, the fact is that a few years after McDonald left, the Marquette School of Journalism lost its accreditation from the American Council for Education and Journalism. That occurred in April, 1970; it has still not been regained.

On the other hand, there is the likelihood that the best organized, the best financed talent-development programs would have similarly failed, since the attractiveness which the Catholic press held for the generation of journalists which matured with World War II had largely expended itself by the time the next generation rolled along. There was a brief revival of interest in the Catholic press as a desirable medium in which to work during the exciting Council years, but by the mid-'60s this was gone. When the *Pittsburgh Catholic* was seeking an editor last year, it advertised the post both in the *CPA Journal* and in *Editor & Publisher*. The ads brought a total of 22 responses, only two of which were from people in their twenties; the majority were persons between 40 and 69, some of whom possibly were individuals caught in the Nixon recession to whom any newspaper job would have been welcome. This is a marked change from the late-'40s, early-'50s, when the Catholic press had the pick of the bright young men.

Many elements contributed to the dulling of the Catholic press' attractiveness: the dominance of episcopal authority over all but a handful of publications; the constant threat of censorship; the built-in conservativeness of the institutional audience; the trivial nature of so much of what the Catholic press made its business. Episcopal authority routed editors like John O'Connor; censorship battles sent editors like Donald Quinn packing; ideological tensions brought the premature retirement of editors like Msgr. Vincent Yzermans and Father Robert Fix. But it is that commonly unregarded factor of triviality which probably discouraged prospective Catholic press journalists more than anything else. Individuals with neither patience nor tolerance for inconsequential givens of secular society are not going to be attracted to a press geared to the inconsequences of religion. Triviality turns off readers (the Catholic press lost 2,110,392 in circulation two years ago; 2,721,139 last year); but triviality also turns away talent—actual as well as prospective. Not a few editors and writers have left the Catholic field because they were fed up with reporting the comings and going of clergy, the gamesmanship of church reform, the events of a denominationalized social world, and the Vatican's near-involvement in global happenings.

The trivial is almost an impossible difficulty for the Catholic press to overcome, so thoroughly is it infused into the Catholic system. The Davenport *Messenger*



under Donald McDonald overcame it for a time by accenting documentation and in-depth interviews; papers like the Indianapolis *Criterion* and the Boston *Pilot* managed to skirt the problem during the break-through years when editors found themselves free to editorialize on sensitive and hitherto taboo topics (but usually topics outside their own diocese); the *National Catholic Reporter* did the best job of all—it made trivia the object of humor and satire. But in every instance (and *NCR* is not a complete exception here), these were policies of problem-deferment. Not even *NCR* could forever camouflage the fact that in reporting on the church, it is almost impossible to avoid becoming "churchy." If one can judge from the fortunes of conservative Catholic publications, their declining readership and inability to attract talent, the consequences of trivia strike across the board.

The big question is why triviality should be such a defeating factor now, when yesterday it was almost the staff of life. After all, things have not changed that much in the institution. The Pope is still alive and well; the Vatican is still on the banks of the Tiber; the bishops

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are still confirming; the Daughters of Isabella are still running their whist parties; Holy Namers still drag their kids to sports nights in the parish hall; the parochial school is still pleading for money. Why should all this be less interesting today than it was yesterday?

The answer is partially bound up with the fact that trivia are forever overwhelming the infinitely more urgent moral issues—the war, for instance—in which people are vitally interested, and of which youth is supremely conscious. But it is also related to the break-up of that precious commodity known as American Catholic culture—that definable thing which, like national ancestry, set Catholics apart and involved them in the world of their religion and its institutional expressions. If that culture had endured, the Catholic press could probably have survived even the failure to attract new talent; that culture fragmenting, there was not much hope.

This culture was fractured first in the U.S. by the dissolution of certain ethnic neighborhoods, notably Irishtown, where the church was the center of social as well as religious life. Surburbanization speeded the process, as did the overpowering influences of modern American life. More subtle but crucial nonetheless were the influences of religious pluralism and the ecumenical movement itself, both of which moved Catholics outside historic constrictions. In sum, a new culture gradually replaced the old.

In the final analysis, it is this development which bodes persistent and even greater trouble for the Catholic press; the audience has changed, but the press has not changed with it, at least nowhere near enough. Magic remedies are not readily come by, and certainly I make no claim to any. Still, the situation is such that not a few believe the Catholic press is coming to the same end as the parochial school. One editor is so convinced about this that he found himself battling a reluctance about filling vacancies on his own staff. "I satisfy my conscience in two ways," he explains. "They *are* needed and *do* have something to contribute today; also, if they are good, they will benefit from their Catholic press experience when they make the switch to a more professional press." The man who speaks these words is one of the diocesan press' most respected editors.

Wall and Hoyt

Perhaps in the broader context it is this suspicion that the Catholic press is not all that important any more (there is no longer any trouble about getting good and fair coverage of worthwhile church news in the

The Case of Commonweal

Commonweal has been no stranger to the difficulties experienced by the Catholic press. Circulation, having more than doubled with vigorous promotion during the years of the Council, began to ebb after 1967. Despite controversies over developments in the church, and even more over the war in Vietnam, reader loyalty remained high: *Commonweal* enjoys an excellent renewal rate. But new readers still have to be found to maintain circulation, let alone gain, and they were harder to attract, even to reach. The magazine itself became more expensive (printing costs more than doubled; postage shot upward); so did the cost of promotional efforts. The dissolution of the American Catholic subculture, with its network of denominational institutions (and mailing lists) made it difficult to identify and contact the most likely potential readers. Steady sources of advertising, such as numerous Catholic publishers, disappeared in the same process.

Looking back over the roller coaster ride of circulation during the last decade, *Commonweal* still finds itself with a considerable net gain. But the trend for us, as for most religious magazines, remains down. And unlike many similar publications, *Commonweal* must face hard times without the subsidy of any organization, without the backing of any single "angel," without the privileges of official religious status.

Commonweal, despite pauper's rates to contributors, continues to attract young writers. Fewer of them, however, appear interested in religious topics, and there is no parallel to the emergence of young talent concerned about theological and ecclesiastical questions that marked the early '60s.

The very success, at the Council, of ideas frequently voiced in *Commonweal* created its own variety of problems. Concerns which once were so distinctive that the phrase "*Commonweal* Catholic" was coined were discussed generally throughout the church in the '60s. At the same time new theological issues were opened, and *Commonweal* found itself acting as a forum for a much wider spectrum of religious views. Political affairs were even less orderly, as the liberal consensus of 1960 unraveled, and both sides of the liberal-radical confrontation were represented in *Commonweal.* Theologically and politically, it was a decade of much probing, little synthesis. None of which was very comforting to readers in pursuit of a fixed point of view. Or to editors, either.

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general press, and articles on Catholic themes appear more and more frequently in secular magazines), which enables the Catholic public to accept with casualness what should be depressing developments. Specifically, it is interesting to note the lack of strong reaction when good men leave these days—men like A. E. P. Wall, who resigned recently as editor of the Baltimore *Catholic Review* to become managing editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser*, and Robert G. Hoyt, who was fired as editor of the *National Catholic Reporter* by a truncated board of directors. A few years ago both departures would have provoked loud cries of anguish, and committees would have been formed to try to change the mind of the one and save the editorship of the other. Instead, only the mildest of murmurs.

The equanimity with which Hoyt's firing was received was especially surprising. Nary a word in *Time* or *Newsweek* (when John O'Connor was ousted from the *Delmarva Dialog* in 1967, it was a cause célèbre); only a smattering of letters of protest to the paper; fewer subscription cancellations; and an indifferent sort of contributors' boycott, whose effects, if any, were not noticeable as this was written. *NCR* carried on and in some ways was even an improved product, although that is not the point here. The thing is that one expected a huge outcry over the dismissal of the person who personified the best of Catholic journalistic traditions and whom history will one day credit with playing a major role in improving communications practices in official Catholicism. It never materialized. How come?

For one thing, Hoyt did not seek to rally indignation over his dismissal, something he could easily have done and with shattering effects had he desired. This gave some people pause. For another, there was Hoyt's divorce and remarriage. No one was anxious to undertake a course of action which might hurt or embarrass in any way. But over and above all this was also the suspicion that even if done dirt, Hoyt was perhaps better off out of the *National Catholic Reporter*. The paper is in deep financial trouble (down to 55,000 subscribers last May from a 1969 high of 95,000); it has probably served most of its great purposes; and Hoyt can better apply his talents in new and meaningful ways. That latter rationale might be terribly presumptuous, and certainly it is tinged with cynicism, for underlying it is an oblique sort of concession that the Catholic press is dead or dying, and in either instance not worth bothering about any more.

Presuming, however, that the American Catholic press should be saved, the questions become what parts and how. The Catholic press could survive, of course, in some sort of kept-woman fashion, so long as the keepers (read bishops and religious orders) have the will and money. This is the arrangement of the moment, but the Catholic press should presume nothing on that account. Money is spare and the will is obviously ambivalent. There is, for instance, nowhere near the commitment to keep the Catholic press going that there is to keep parochial schools open. What is more, there seems a curious conviction at levels on high that solutions to problems reside in returning to the formulae of yesterday. Thus advisory boards are resurrected, controversial news is played down, the "edifying" is stressed, and there is a strong reemphasis on covering the diocese. It will not work. Success seldom resides in reaching back; by the same token, to increase one's coverage of a diocese is likely only a prescription for more trivia. Fatal.

Publishing Possibilities

I don't pretend to know all the answers to the Catholic press' problems, except I do know that a rearguard operation will save little and get nowhere. I think that if I were a religious superior with a Catholic magazine under my responsibility I would be investigating consolidations, partnerships and new editorial directions combining the religious and the secular. If I were a bishop with a diocesan newpaper to worry about, I would be investigating the possibilities of regional publication. There is no reason why one Catholic newspaper could not serve the New England area, instead of eight; or why New Jersey needs five separate Catholic newspapers, and Pennsylvania nine. This is an extravagance in funds and personnel at any time, and no time more so than the present. Surely if it is feasible for dioceses of particular regions to organize themselves into conferences, it should be feasible to undertake a joint publishing effort; regional cooperation should transcend such matters as influencing legislation and securing tax aid.

Nor need a regional publishing commitment be regarded as retreat or retrenchment; it is the perfect opportunity to develop a better and stronger product. There is still plenty of room for publications combining local and hard coverage with appeal to certain cultural groups. That's the *Christian Science Monitor's* clear lesson for the Catholic press.

If for various reasons a regional publication were not practical, other avenues could be examined for fostering the communications necessary between church and people, and, one step further, between the religious community and the general community. Perhaps the weekly purchase of space in the major secular newspapers of a diocese is an answer, or quarterly printed reports along lines of publicly-held corporations, these being circulated to all members of a diocese. What is effective for AT&T might also be effective for Catholic dioceses.

The point is, the Catholic press has to do something about itself. If it continues to do nothing, as is the case at the moment, forget it. The Catholic press will be down the drain with few tears shed.

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A PASSAGE THROUGH BOTSWANA

A dirty and boring journey, but more than that

ESTHER McCARTHY

If you are hankering after a depressing train trip, let me recommend the journey from Johannesburg in South Africa to Francistown, Botswana. It is guaranteed to make you totally despondent within twenty-four hours.

I had decided to take the train because I had already flown over the area and because so many advised against it. They were right. It is a dirty and boring journey, but it is more than that.

The train moves westward from Johannesburg into the western Transvaal towards Mafeking and then turns northwest through Botswana. I did not see much of the area near Johannesburg because my compartment companion felt obliged to tell me her personal philosophy on race. I have found this a frequent occurrence in South Africa. Once it is clear that I am an American, the South African feels compelled to state his position on the race question. This lady was no exception and her philosophy fit the general pattern. She told me that her parents had instilled in her an intense dislike of the blacks and of the Afrikaners (white South Africans of Dutch descent). "Never trust a Kaffir and never trust a Dutchman," she had been taught. She has tried not to pass any such prejudice to her children. Still, she said, it was good advice because the blacks will try to get away with all they can. She had learned Zulu not for their sake but for her own, to know what they were up to.

Thinking back on her life, she decided that she had been very good to her servants, and she even has an old black lady as one of her friends. But she wished that she had not been born in South Africa because it is like sitting on a powder keg. As the miles passed, this lady pattered on, alternately accepting and rejecting her fellow-man. The first fifty conversations like this are interesting and provocative, but eventually they add up to a pitiful portrait of the South African.

Slowly we chugged westward. At first the scenery is typically Transvaal, with great flat fields of corn or grain and only an occasional hill to vary the landscape. Gradually the terrain takes on a more and more desolate appearance, until, at some point, the semi-desert, tentacles of the Kalahari Desert, intrudes and then dominates. Now we move into the area of dry soil covered with scrub brush and a type of desert tree which puts its energy into existing and not into beauty. In some spots even these trees cannot survive and the bushes are sparsely scattered, exposing the crumbling dry earth.

The trains provide little distraction from the sameness of the scenery since few amenities are provided. There is a club car, but this is usually filled with people trying to escape talkative companions. The trains are exceedingly slow not only because of age but also because the narrow gauge limits speed. The dust from the terrain and the smoke from the engine mingle and blow directly into the train. Heat forces one to open all windows, and so resignation to dirt is part of the trip and is fitting in many ways.

Occasionally we pass through little towns, the largest of which were Gaberones and Francistown, the present and former capitals of Botswana. Most are very small settlements. Proximity to a town can be predicted by the presence of abandoned cars around the African huts. Through most of southern Africa, the semi-urban Africans like to park old cars near their houses in order to imitate the city dwellers.

And there are the people. Along the track we passed little settlements where the children stood begging with extended hands. One cruel distraction for some passengers was to throw crumpled pieces of newspaper to the children and watch them scramble for them. The inhabitants of these rural sections look and probably are totally destitute. The area is so dry and so unproductive that a deeper look of hopelessness has come over these Africans than is evident even in the South African Transkei, a section which has been suffering from drought for years. Botswana, as the Bechuanaland Protectorate, gave little promise of mineral wealth or any kind of wealth and was neglected under British rule. The inhabitants are still suffering from those years of benign neglect.

There are three stops where one has direct contact with the people. At these stops the Africans sell carvings, beadwork, or basketwork to the travelers. All are beautifully done and the prices asked are too low to begin with. A lovely carving of three birds perched on a stand sells for as little as 56¢ (U.S. currency); a magnificent walking stick may cost 70¢; a carving in horn of a bird in flight goes for as little as $1.40. Yet one can

ESTHER MCCARTHY, *a Californian, has served as a teacher in southern Africa.*

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hear the travelers trying to get lower prices or trading old clothes for the items. In one town the prices began to plummet as the train moved slowly away, and one man who had been asking $2.00 for a beautifully carved kudu, hastily reduced it to $1.00, then 80¢, then 20¢, then 5¢. Even the bargain-hunters seemed too ashamed to buy it at such desperate prices.

Approximately 70 percent (420,000) of the population of Botswana live in the rural semi-subsistence sector. Nearly 13 percent of the rural population (62,000) appear to depend entirely on charity or remittances. Another 31 percent (100,000) own more land, but they possess no cattle and 90 percent of these failed to cultivate any land in 1967-68. Yet 4 per cent of all agricultural holders own 30 percent of all cattle and cultivate the majority of the large land areas. In 1967-68 only 333 of the 53,400 farmers with agricultural holdings were assessed for income tax.

Strangely enough the problem now facing Botswana is the recent discovery of diamonds and the possible dislocation of the economy as a result. A new class could arise with an income substantially above that of the rural sector, where the vast majority would still eke out a subsistence living. It has been suggested even within government circles that wages in government and mines must be restrained and the surplus redirected into the rural economy. Sadly enough, this redirection might aim only at the equivalent of $10 per month for a family of four.

No less a danger to the economy resulting from the diamond find is the danger to the Okavango Swamps, an area of pristine beauty filled with wildlife. Recently the Swamps have made the tourist industry one of the mainstays of the economy, and great precautions are underway to guarantee that the Swamps will not be disturbed by the nearby diamond mining. The mining company itself apparently is in full agreement and is cooperating in preventive measures.

You enter Botswana signed out by a South African immigration official, and you leave it with the permission of a Rhodesian official. Botswana is still sufficiently dependent on its neighbors not to use its own immigration officers. I pondered as I rode through the last miles of Botswana what I would do if given the choice of being an African in one of these three countries. I certainly would not choose Rhodesia because the Africans there are not free and many are as poor as those in Botswana. If I chose South Africa, I might have a slight chance of living above subsistence level but I would not be free. I think I would choose to be a Tswana because Botswana is independent at least, and there is some hope that the national economy will improve.

But then it is as idle to speculate on this as it is to sit in America and try to imagine the poverty in the Third World.

THE SCREEN

From Tom Mix, who claimed to have been a U.S. Marshal, to Sam Peckinpah, who is the grandson of a California pioneer, westerns have been made largely by men with some actual connection to the west. Even Gary Cooper was a real Montana cowboy before coming to Hollywood as a wrangler. Peter Bogdanovich's new movie, *The Last Picture Show*, is also a western of sorts, and one that's comparable to many classic examples of the genre. But no one quite like Bogdanovich, no one with his education and background, has ever made westerns before. For Bogdanovich grew up in a movie theater. He's a film buff who learned whatever he has to say not from the west, but from John Ford westerns. Bogdanovich belongs to a new generation of directors whose work will be, for better or worse, a coming of age of the American cinema. It's the first generation of moviemakers that is also movie-made. (The precocious French produced a comparable generation of directors ten years ago.)

Besides having something to say about the movies in general, *The Last Picture Show* is a statement about rural Texas in particular. It is the story of how a small-town youngster, Sonny (Timothy Bottoms), entered manhood during the early 1950s. The film sees the life of Sonny and his friends as an inescapable repetition of the life lived by their elders. Sonny's relations with his high-school friend Duane and Duane's girlfriend, Jacy, are the spit and image of relationships that existed in the past between Jacy's mother and some of the town men. The mother's current lover is an oil-field roughneck with a flashy car—a car that Duane duplicates as soon as he gets his own job in the fields. But the real love of the mother's life was Sam the Lion, who is now Sonny's adopted father. Sam runs the local pool hall and looks out for a retarded orphan named Billy. These two duties are the only legacy that Sonny is to inherit from Sam, just as her weakness for promiscuity is all Jacy really inherits from her mother.

Though sometimes funny, these kinship patterns are ultimately pretty grim. As with all concentric circles, repetition here diminishes the patterns' size and capacity. The circle to which Sonny has been condemned seems much closer to the bottom of hell. Before Sonny is out of high school, Sam dies. Jacy eventually goes off to philander in Dallas and Duane enlists to fight in Korea. The more enclosed in loneliness Sonny is, the more desolate seems the Texas scenery that Hollywood veteran Robert Surtees has photographed so starkly. Sonny's *rite de passage* began as an affair with his high-school coach's wife, and in the end he returns to her because she's all he's got left.

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But it isn't just depopulation that makes Sonny's world increasingly smaller: the shrinkage is spiritual as well. A Jacy or a Sonny will never measure up to Jacy's mother or to Sam. In addition to cutting a somewhat romantic figure, Sam is the only character in the film with any moral authority. Jacy's mother hardly has the latter, but as the film progresses we find that even she is not without her redeeming qualities. Jacy, on the other hand, seems rather appealing at first, but shows herself a mean and feckless bitch after we know her better. And Sonny is always a pitiful character compared to Sam.

If the plot sounds extraordinarily complicated that's because it is, though Bogdanovich makes it easy enough to follow on the screen. He has made a big film a human spectacle, as the old publicity line says. But it's purposely not a spectacle in the sense that that word acquired around the time Sonny's story takes place. When DeMille made *The Greatest Show on Earth* in 1952, the American cinema was already turning into a perennial *circus maximus*—a financial and technical art instead of a story-telling art, a feat of production rather than direction. (*Tora! Tora! Tora!* is, hopefully, The End.) This bloated post-1940's kind of moviemaking was Hollywood's way of competing with television, and Bogdanovich clearly feels that these antagonists deserved each other. The last picture show to play at the bankrupt little theater in Sonny's town is Howard Hawks' *Red River* made in 1948. To Bogdanovich such films were literally the last picture shows. His own movie is a self-conscious attempt to resurrect the lost cinematic values of the era when Hawks and Ford dominated the American screen.

Bogdanovich's underrated 1968 feature, *Targets*, contains an equally prominent allusion to Hawks. *Targets* is two converging stories told through the classic technique of cross-cutting. One story involves a middle-class young man who goes beserk and begins murdering people with sniper fire. The other story is about an aging movie star, played by Boris Karloff, who is in Los Angeles for the premiere of his own last picture show. The Hawks film that crops up here—it is on the late show one night when Karloff is watching television—is *The Criminal Code*, a 1931 prison drama starring Karloff himself.

There are really two criminal codes at odds in Hawks' film: the Criminal Code of the State of New York, the *codex juris*, represented by Walter Huston as the warden, and the code of the underworld represented by Karloff as an inmate. But the two codes are alike in that each has its standards of justice, conduct and obligation. By comparison to Hawks' society of criminals, the society that *Targets* itself depicts, where boy scouts turn to random violence, is clearly a failed society. The Hawks' vision of Texas in *Red River* implies a similar judgment on the disintegrating small-town life in *The Last Picture Show*.

The one difficulty Bogdanovich gets into is that a director must have an unshakable faith in his country in order to depict it with the skills of Hawks and Ford. That Ford's art relied on such faith is a lesson to be drawn from a documentary on Ford that Bogdanovich himself recently made. But of course Bogdanovich's own features don't have that complementary and patriotic relationship to society. The obvious reason is that Bogdanovich is working in different times. Moreover, no matter how much he may admire Hawks and Ford, he is a very different man from them.

Bogdanovich is an intellectual who has given serious consideration to a lot of European ideas—ideas like Kracauer's theory that movies inevitably leave human experience open-ended and inconclusive. The classic American directors wouldn't have given a second thought to such nonsense. But Bogdanovich can't ignore the way European directors who fit Kracauer's ideas better have now adapted and thus modified, the classic American cinema. At times *The Last Picture Show* seems to grope for emotional resolutions in a most European—which is to say, un-American—fashion. At other times it even seems as if the film's episodic plot is in danger of becoming a cinematic oogle-oogle bird. Characters keep getting eliminated, and yet there is no end in sight. As brilliant as Bogdanovich's film is, he cannot tie his Texas panorama together at the end the way Hawks or Ford would. It really is too late to return to all that.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

DENNIS DOOLEY

CYNEWULF ALONE WITH HIS BOOK

IMITATED FREELY FROM THE
ANGLO-SAXON

I was old, and ready enough
to abandon this shed. Bent at my wordcraft,
wove what I could find among things remembered,
stuck in a narrow love. I threaded a shirt of words.
It was never clear to me about the Rood Tree
or what it was the old men meant in the old books.
I lay down an old man. Heavy with so much written,
wound tightly in winters, bitter with eyes.
Something was beautiful, found my heart open.
I made this song for myself to sing.
Until then the man was a stick in the flow of me,
torchlight in a rainy passage, deep in the mountain.
The bow mourned the arrow's flight,
the horse galloped away, the man sat in a dark head,
entangled in old things, caught in a narrow love.
Everything that was his blew away under white clouds
on a windy day, such a day as when one cannot hear,
and a loud sound rushes up to the clouds
like the sound of a herd being driven in
before a big blow.

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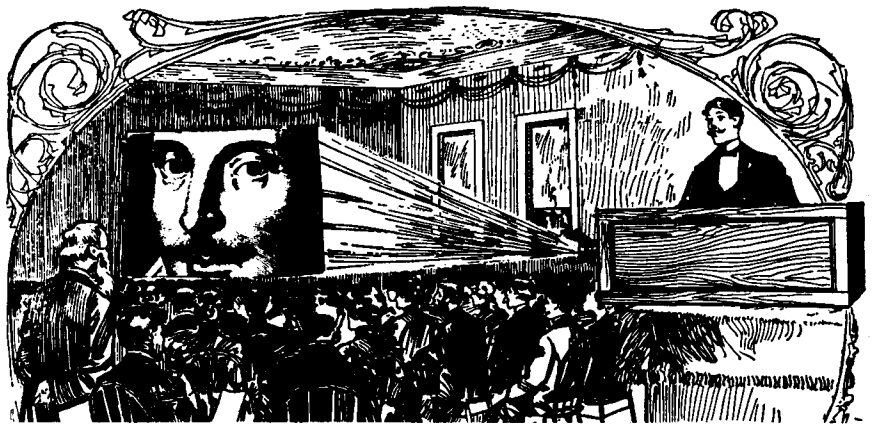

SHAKESPEARE ON SCREEN

HUGH L. HENNEDY

ONE EXPECTED the first World Shakespeare Congress, held at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver last August, to be intellectually rewarding; it was, after all, the largest and most high-powered gathering of Shakespeare scholars ever assembled. But that it should have been so emotionally—or, perhaps better, aesthetically—rewarding, was another matter; and one that had much to do with the remarkable presentation of Shakespeare on the screen. Delegates had the opportunity to see, among other films, the Asta Nielsen *Hamlet* (1921?), the Grigori Kozintsev *Hamlet* (1966), the Kurosawa adaptation of *Macbeth, Throne of Blood* (1957), and the Kozintsev *King Lear* (1971).

The Nielsen *Hamlet,* featuring a female in the title role, a Laertes who displays Olympic diving potential during Ophelia's funeral, and the meanest-looking Claudius around, was a pure delight. In this version, Hamlet is not only played by a woman but he *is* a woman. That fact makes possible the funniest last moments between Horatio and the dying Hamlet that one is ever likely to see. It is a recognition definitely not to be missed.

The Kosintsev *Hamlet* is, of course, a more serious film. Some might say it is serious to the point of heavy-handedness, especially during some long, ominous shots of the sea. And there are other weaknesses: the absence from the film of almost all the play's specifically religious dimension, for instance, and the immediate representation of the disheveled Hamlet taking leave of Ophelia. When realizing a work so much concerned with playing and acting and play-acting as this one is, directors should follow Shakespeare's lead and allow Ophelia during that scene to play Hamlet. Still, the film has much intelligent translation of the verbal to the visual, and Ophelia's death, for intance, is effectively done. (One wonders, by the way, if Robert Altman had this scene in mind during the making of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller.*) All in all, the Kosintsev *Hamlet* is a creditable work of art. If it does not put fully into conflict, as Kozintsev during the Congress said he intended it to do, the humane values of the university and the political realities of Denmark, it certainly does succeed in making real the political pressures which both Claudius and Hamlet feel.

The Kurosawa *Throne of Blood,* like the Kozintsev *Hamlet,* is familiar to many people. Before the Congress, however, I had not seen the Russian *Hamlet* and had seen, on television, only the ending of the Japanese *Macbeth.* That ending was impressive enough all by itself, but when I came to it properly, that is, after all the confusion in the forest and in the mind of the hero, played by Toshiro Mifune, then the ending was impressive indeed. *Throne of Blood's* Macbeth is not killed by a Macduff. He is finished off, rather, by his own men, who, from a courtyard, pin him against a second-level wall with wave after wave of arrows. As Mifune fights to free himself from that forest of arrows, one realizes just how far the forest referred to by the witch has moved. One realizes also just how fully Kurosawa has succeeded in dramatizing his metaphor.

As good as the Kurosawa film is, however, the cinematic highpoint and the climax to the whole Congress took place on the morning of August 28 when Grigori Kozintsev's *King Lear* was shown for the first time in the Western world. Kozintsev's *Hamlet* and, even more, his moving paper delivered to the Congress the day before, had aroused the expectations of the delegates. They were not disappointed.

Kozintsev's *Lear* opens with shots of poor, ragged people struggling towards Lear's castle where, apparently, they have heard some especially important decision is going to be announced. Inside the castle as the viewer awaits Lear's entrance, he is aware of various fires in the large room, the fire of torches, the fire in several fireplaces, especially a very large one before which Lear sits to warm his hands after he enters. The viewer sees the rest, or most of the rest, of the scene from behind and through the fire of this fireplace. At the end of the film, we see poor people picking through the smoldering remains of their houses. In between, we see, among other things, Edmund, in a shot recalling a famous photo from Vietnam, setting fire to the thatched roof of a building. In his paper on Friday, Kozintsev mentioned that he was struck by the fact that the museum at Hiroshima opens rather quietly with a room or two devoted to a history of man's use of fire.

Kozintsev also mentioned in his paper that he believes that Edgar is able to beat Edmund in their combat be-

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HUGH L. HENNEDY, *a professor of English at St. Francis College, Maine, is the author of a new book on Trollope,* Unity in Barsetshire *(Mouton).*

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cause Edmund has been cowed by the fearlessness of Lear and Cordelia when they are being led off to prison. At this point in the work he sees the spiritual triumph over the material. The viewer sees that too in the film.

This film has so many good things in it, including the acting, that one could spend a very long time talking about them. Since I am not familiar with the names of the actors, let alone their past performances, I may be excused, I hope, from commenting on the acting, except to say that I found it uniformly good, even though this Lear is thinner, this Regan heftier, and this Edmund handsomer than most people, I suspect, imagine them or have seen them before to be. Cordelia is beautiful, substantial, credible.

The film is not without flaws. The divestment-"reinvestment" motif-action of the work, for instance, is not fully exploited, especially since during the great recognition scene at the end of Act IV, Lear wears his old clothing, most of which, in the first place, should have been stripped away from him before Cordelia's men find him in the field. It also seems to me that the cowing of Edmund mentioned earlier is achieved at the expense of de-emphasizing unduly the role in the work of the apparently miraculous.

Others in the Saturday morning audience no doubt noticed other flaws. Still, when it was over, perhaps the most highly critical audience that film will ever be shown before rose and applauded and cheered its director until he left the theater. Just before Kozintsev started up the aisle, Jan Kott, the Pole who has been living and teaching in the States for five or six years now, the man who said on the previous day that at the end of *Hamlet*, for a Pole, at least, "the rest is not silence; the rest is Fortinbras," walked over to the Russian director and kissed him. Closing ceremonies were scheduled for the afternoon and evening, but the first World Shakespeare Congress had come to its substantial and memorable close already.

BOOKS

Edmund Wilson: still a standard of sanity in this culture

Upstate: Records and Recollections of Northern New York

EDMUND WILSON

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $8.95

LEONARD KRIEGEL

It is almost impossible by now to write about a new book by Edmund Wilson without feeling that one is writing about an incorruptible but distant public monument. I suppose this is as it should be. Longevity and consistency should grant a writer at least this much immunity from the kind of cultural Nielsen ratings we see around us. For Wilson has maintained himself as the very model of a writer whose allegiances are to intelligence and communication during a time in which so many of our nearer contemporaries seek to outgun each other with a rhetoric that becomes more and more hysterical as it makes less and less sense. If he has, over the past two decades, maintained a kind of Olympian distance from the problems of American life, his writing still represents one of the standards of sanity in this culture. Simply by having done his work, along, I suppose, with having outlived most of hs generation, he has become a literary showcase. Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos, all are dead, already encased in literary history.

And even if he now chooses the life of the literary patrician, his allegiance to the values of literature remains firm. He never considered them unquestionable. One may quarrel with the manner in which Wilson has taken his leave of contemporary America, one may feel himself annoyed at the way in which he sometimes seems intent on creating his past at the expense of our present, one may even envy him that neurotically structured and yet unquestionably civilized past itself—but one is left, ultimately, with a vision of Edmund Wilson as the country's last true man of letters. And it is exactly this that stands between his books and his audience. It is difficult to be critical of a monument. Monuments are simply there, a part of the landscape.

Wilson's latest book, *Upstate: Records and Recollections of Northern New York*, begins with the following sentence: "I sit here in this old house alone." I cannot think of another American writer who could begin a book on so self-consciously isolated and imperious a note without the reader's feeling uncomfortable. In Wilson, however, one feels exactly the reverse. He has earned this isolation, however self-imposed and consciously maintained it is. He *wants* to sit in that house alone. In the same way, I suspect that he knows that his books are no longer books, but rather serve as links between his own past, made highly personal, and what his audience covets, a past for itself. As he says less and less that seems of immediate significance to us, we more and more envy his being able to say it at all. He belongs to the Nineteenth Century because his world is self-contained, for he speaks out of a consciousness in which past and self have been merged. And merged successfully.

Still, Wilson's best work seems to me to have been written during the Depression decade, which, for him, was marked at its opening by the publication of *Axel's Castle* in 1929—the book

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remains one of the truly seminal works of literary criticism published in our century—and which concluded with the publication of his study of the human drama of socialist development, *To The Finland Station* in 1940. He has never been able to capture the kind of vision that his involvement with Marxism gave to him. A great deal of his work over the past decades, even the much-praised study of the literature of the Civil War, *Patriotic Gore*, seems to me a kind of inverted Proustianism.

But having written that, and having been disappointed in Wilson's first volume of Recollections, *A Prelude*, when it appeared in 1967, one is left with this latest book. It is about Wilson's life at the old stone house in Talcottville, New York which his mother left to him. He had first used the house in a remarkable essay written at the height of the Depression, where it had already emerged as a metaphor for a personal past. But he returned there in 1950, after seventeen years, to spend his summers in a town that had become "a point of permanence" for him.

The book's opening chapters describe the development of Lewis and Oneida counties in upstate New York and then treat of a family feud between Wilson's forebears on his mother's side, the Bakers and the Talcotts. He makes them, somehow, collective ancestors of us all. Aware of the fact that their America has long-since perished, and that his own America is in its death throes, he manages to leave us with the sense of having shared not an experience but a condition of existence. He imposes his personal past on an eager audience.

The bulk of the book, however, consists of a diary-notebook which tells of Wilson, of his friends, of the people who live in Talcottville, and of his feelings about modern America. All of this is described from a vantage point that he himself recognizes as peripheral. He is under few illusions about the passing of this world.

> My reaction to all the things that I disapprove and dislike is that of a member of a once-privileged class which is being eliminated all over the world and has very little means any longer of asserting its superior "values."

He recognizes that the very forces unleashing teenage motorcycle vandals on Talcottville may also serve to democratize a society which has remained remarkably feudal. His own choice appears simple. Wilson does not so much wish to fight modernism as to ignore it during his last years.

Perhaps books such as *Upstate* should not be published during a writer's lifetime. It takes a certain amount of presumption to assume that the reader is as interested in some of the intricacies of Wilson's personal life that are revealed here. His relations with his wife, his children, even with his neighbors, are not as interesting as his reaction to Hemingway's death. Even his portrait of his Talcottville neighbors, for whom he obviously feels deep affection, and his descriptions of the upstate landscape, which he renders very much like a painter of the Hudson Valley school of landscape art, are sometimes overdone. There is, as there has been in most of his books published over the past two decades, a noticeable lack of proportion about *Upstate*.

And yet, it seems to me one of the finest books I have read in years, a record that proves to be deeply and fundamentally moving even in what one first thinks of as inconsequential. There is a persistence about these observations, a willingness to accept one's own intellectual and literary stature, that is the very embodiment of what one means by the writer's life. Inevitably, one compares it to the kind of work other members of Wilson's famed literary generation offered us toward the end of their careers. Where Hemingway and Faulkner and Dos Passos wound up parodying their earlier and best work, what Wilson has done is to make a single region in this America, upstate New York, available to us as a metaphor for something that has gone out of American life. He has written a book that Americans will be reading for generations to come. In preserving the past, the writer makes it usable. Once again, Edmund Wilson has done exactly that.

Carl Rogers on Encounter Groups

CARL ROGERS

Harper & Row, $5.95

CARLO A. WEBER

How does one go about criticizing a book on encounter groups by Carl Rogers—the father of client-centered, of non-directive counseling, a pioneer in sensitivity groups, and a warm, sensitive, loving person to boot? It seems like such a presumptuous assault. But for all his kindly personality and professional stature, Rogers' most recent book is, for anyone who has even a nodding acquaintance with encounter groups, a shallow work, adding little to what most everyone already knows about them. And anyone who has paid his $2 to see *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*, has a subscription to *Time, Life, Newsweek* or even *Commonweal*, or has sat around in the now classic circle, could hardly help but know more about encounter groups than he will find in this book.

Rogers begins in what is for him an unusually academic approach, with a (gasp) definition of encounter groupings, moving on briskly then to a resumé of the history of the movement. He even pauses long enough to brush over, if ever so cautiously, the gestalt theory of Kurt Lewin. The resumé, as indeed the whole book, is "once over lightly with love." After tripping lightly over theory and history, Rogers then does what he does best; he describes the process through which most groups in his experience travel. The signposts are familiar ones; but Rogers highlights them well, and the description comes off as a condensation of considerable merit. With characteristic deference, Rogers then describes the group facilitator, who, not surprisingly, is Rogers himself. During the course of this self-revelation of Rogers as facilitator, one comes upon a disconcerting passage, in which he registers surprise at the impact of physical contact in the group. In an era of body-language and non-verbal communication, a belated

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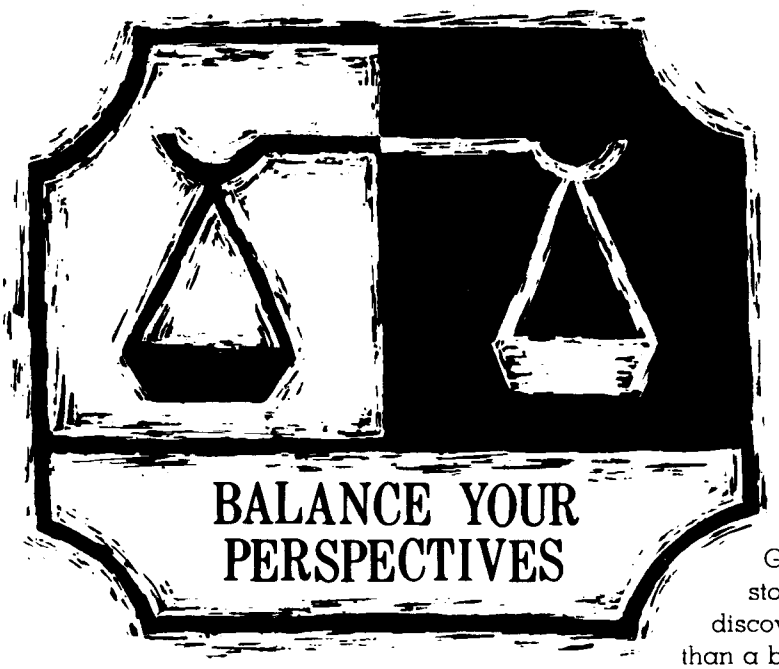

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discovery of the importance of touching as a means of human communication, and on the part of one who must be considered an authority, has to be an enormous deficiency.

Throughout the work, controversial issues which vex thoughtful group leaders are avoided or, if they are mentioned at all, handled gingerly. And there are a lot of chestnuts. One of them concerns the relationship of the group experience to one's on-going lifestyle, an issue which, to my knowledge, is by no means resolved. Rather brusquely, Rogers states that "learning in the group tends to carry over into the relationship with spouses, children, students, subordinates, peers and supervisors, following the group experiences." It does? If so, the evidence is at best fragmentary, and inconclusive for almost everyone except Rogers, who asks us to have faith where there is little evidence. To validate his faith Rogers provides some "experimental" evidence, the quality of which would make my erstwhile professors of experimental design blush almost feverishly. There is a cavalier review of the literature; but it is really window dressing. Rogers is clearly not much interested in the research issues. It is not that we do not wish to have faith, but we can mock both faith and empirical evidence by accepting one for the other. The deviation into experimental research is, at least in this case, an unnecessary trip. But at least the trip is negotiated with unfailing humility. His experience, Rogers says, leads him to make only "moderate and cautious statements," a stance about which there was scarcely ever any doubt.

The effort to prove the genuine growth-potential of group encounters is based on anecdotal data, which is the usual clinical approach. But to conclude from a selected collection of case histories, that "research" has established that an encounter group experience produces profound changes in the person and in his behavior, is rather more than the evidence warrants. But wait. Rogers does cite one research project. In it, growth is defined as openness; operational scales are devised to measure that openness and the scales are then administered pre-and post- experience to a group of randomly selected subjects placed in groups geared to produce openness. And what do you suppose emerges? The scales clearly indicate that growth (i.e., openness) has taken place. And another carefully designed research project has convincingly established what it was designed to prove. Q.E.D. Thank heaven we can close the book on that problem! Whether openness and human growth are in fact synonymous is surely not a matter to detain us from the headlong pursuit of experimental evidence.

Throughout the book, there is the current of a yet more central problem which, indeed, Rogers does directly confront. In asking why people are drawn to groups he writes, "I believe it is a hunger for something the person does not find in his work environment, in his church, certainly not in his school or college, and sadly enough, not even in modern family life." And that sad fact is the rub! How long will we continue to create social artifacts as a substitution for the encounter

Helping the Poor Nations

The Myth of Aid

DENIS GOULET AND MICHAEL HUDSON

Orbis Books, $4.95

TIMOTHY AND LESLIE NULTY

"The Myth of Aid" is really two separate and quite different short tracts.

Denis Goulet, whose "Domesticating the Third World," is not specifically concerned with "aid," is concerned to preach only to the converted, and especially to the converted whose knowledge of and patience with sociological jargon is well above average. This is regrettable because Goulet's basic message is an important one, worthy of serious propagation. In brief, his main point is that the attempt to remold the poor nations of the world into the economic, social and political patterns of the non-communist rich nations, is in conflict with the true interests of the poor nations themselves. Unfortunately this point of view is not particularly well served by Mr. Goulet; even the most sympathetic reader, and the reviewers consider themselves to be such, must be disappointed by the lack of reasoned, cogent analysis to support the abundant polemic.

The essay focuses on the motivation and rationale of rich Western countries' (especially the U.S.A.) interest in 'development.' In Goulet's view this is primarily to create a stable non-Communist environment in which these governments and multinational corporations can pursue their own interests. The essay gives little attention to actual relations which result when these intentions are pursued in the varied circumstances of the many different Third World countries. Exactly what constitutes "genuine development" is not as unambiguous as Goulet suggests: Third World nations in fact exhibit great diversity of social, economic and political values and aspirations, and within individual countries there is considerable conflict over these very issues. In this regard Goulet can also be criticised for his misleading references to one or two cases: for example, the Pakistan Perspective Plan is commended for its 'realism' in projecting only modest increases in overall consumption levels of wealthy industrial nations. In citing this example, however, Goulet appears to be unaware that the authors of the Plan, senior civil servants and Ministers, have never demonstrated any enthusiasm for moderating their own consumption levels, although they are willing enough to preach restraint to the rest of their nation.

There is scarcely any attempt in Goulet's essay to analyze or even to describe what takes place 'on the ground.' To say that Western governments are pursuing narrow self-interest in entering the field of foreign aid may well be accurate, but it is not very in-

(Continued on page 140)

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that one should find in his own society? Will groups continue to compensate for the loneliness and the estrangement that are part of our social fabric? Encounter groups are indeed a pleasant, and probably a constructive human artifact. But the sad fact is that they exist as a compensation to an unfilled need in society at large.

The style of the book, like the man, is unobtrusive. It never gets in the way or attracts attention to itself, just as Rogers, the group facilitator, never gets in the way of the process or attracts attention to himself. But the repetition of the phrase "Now this is just my opinion" leaves me more and more uneasy. It certainly can never be said of Rogers that he is obtuse. Who else but Rogers could get away with a statement like "While I do not fancy myself as a prophet, I will endeavor to look as deeply as possible into my cloudy crystal ball."

Carl Rogers on Encounter Groups is a primer. For beginners, the book is a cautious introduction, calculated to offend no one. But most of the people who will pick up this book will probably not be beginners; and for them,

Or, Helping Ourselves?

The Cruel Choice

DENIS GOULET

Atheneum $12.50

GARY MacEOIN

Programs to bring the world's poor countries into the mainstream of progress have been sponsored by the technically advanced countries both directly and through the United Nations for a quarter century. It is no longer news that they have all failed dismally.

Each year the economic gap between the rich countries and the poor grows wider. Each year the gap between the small group of haves and the big group of have-nots within the poor countries grows wider. When population growth is fed into the equation, the typical man in the poor country has each year less food, clothing and shelter than he had the year before.

"You have to try harder," Pope Paul told the rich in his 1967 *Populorum Progressio*, as the nations of the world had already told themselves when they proclaimed a decade of development for the 1960s. Such also was the message of such forward-looking economists as England's Barbara Ward and Argentina's Raul Prebisch, longtime head of the UN's Economic Commission for Latin America and later of UNCTAD.

Lately, however, a divergent and challenging theme has emerged. Instead of being thanked for their altruistic efforts and urged to expand them, the rich nations of East and West are being told that they are engaged in the most shameful double-dealing of all time. Far from promoting progress, they are charged with manipulating their poor clients for their own advantage, reaping profits from aid programs that are more distortive than developmental and monopolizing the benefits of their unequal partnerships.

The process has been described episodically and synthetically by Gunnar Myrdal in *The Problem of World Poverty*, and by Denis Goulet and Michael Hudson in *The Myth of Aid*. I have described how it appears to many Latin American economists and social scientists in *Revolution Next Door: Latin America in the 1970s*. Now, however, Denis Goulet does something entirely new. He offers a global analysis of the issues of development, concerned not only with the economic and social but also with the ethical values. And his disconcerting conclusion is that the harder the rich nations try, even honorably, within their present perspectives, the greater the harm they will wreak.

So many strands, all substantive, are woven into this ideas-packed book, that it is difficult to single one out as dominant. If I must choose the central theme, it is that development is prin-

(*Continued on page 141*)

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the name of Rogers notwithstanding, this will be a shallow experience.

Finally, Rogers extracts another chestnut from the fire, attending to the question of loneliness and the group experience. Rogers insists that "despite the group need, every man must live alone and die alone." "How he comes to terms with that . . . [Here we go again] is an important issue, but one on which I shall not dwell." My God, why not? Is it that we are really into groups so much that it is impossible for a man to confront his own aloneness?

The Myth (Cont.)

formative. What USAID, IRBD or ESSO *intend* to do does not tell us very much about what actually happens. Aid, after all, is a many-sided game: the particular participants and the situation matter a great deal to the outcome. It would be extremely useful to have a thorough analysis of actual aid relationships, of the forms they take and effects they have, of how they evolve from and the role they play in the international system of power-politics and power-economics. Unfortunately, Mr. Goulet has not contributed very much to this end.

Michael Hudson's paper is much more in touch with the real world. For readers who want to know *how* the actual flows of funds designated "foreign aid" act to further narrow U.S. economic interests rather than the economic interests of the underdeveloped countries, Hudson's essay does provide some concrete information and analysis. For example, there is an attempt to estimate the financial costs and benefits to the U.S. economy of the P.L. 480 food aid program. While some economists might question details in Hudson's method, his general conclusions, which are much the same as Goulet's, are made that much more effective by his attempt at serious verification.

There are however a number of points in Hudson's essay that are open to dispute. Like Goulet's piece, this one also suffers from too much generalization and thereby comes to broad conclusions which might be apt for some countries but disastrous for others. Two examples of important contemporary issues where this criticism applies are Hudson's analysis of the impact of the 'green revolution' and of programs for population control.

The 'green revolution' refers to the impact of a recently developed complex of agricultural inputs (especially high-yielding seeds, irrigation water and fertilizer) which enable a given amount of land to produce several times as much foodgrain as was produced with traditional methods. Although in the particular socioeconomic organization prevailing in many poor countries the effect has been to widen income differentials, it is in fact a technology that is sociologically neutral: that is, it will have roughly the same effect on physical output in the People's Republic of China as in Haiti. It is not clear that any particular form of social or economic organization is technically better suited to it than any other, although clearly the distribution of its benefits will vary. This is an important distinction whch Hudson fails to make. In contrast, he advocates land reform—but land reform without technological progress cannot in and of itself feed the rapidly growing populations of poor countries. In addition, Goulet and Hudson are not being realistic if they suppose that distributional problems cannot be solved without radical social revolution. The present 'green revolution' would not be the first time a vast increase in productivity provided ruling groups with the wherewithal to buy off social discontent without relinquishing power. And after all, one of the most thoroughgoing and productive land reforms in the postwar period has been carried out by the military government of Taiwan—scarcely a development model that matches the values implied in either of these essays, or our own.

On the question of population control Hudson may well be correct in seeing the emphasis put on population control by aid agencies (the Pearson Report and Robert McNamara, speaking as head of the IBRD, are cited at length) as symptomatic of the search for palliatives. Hudson is also correct in pointing out that historically birth rates fall with increasing prosperity and that high birth rates are an effect rather than a cause of poverty. But it pays to appreciate the magnitudes: contemporary population growth rates are higher, in some cases 2½ times as great, as any historical precedents. Annual population growth rates of around 3 percent put intolerable strains on the resources of poor countries *regardless* of their social and political complexion. Whether Mr. McNamara is only looking for a palliative or has misunderstood the causal structure of the poverty/population problem is irrelevant. The arithmetic of the problem itself is unanswerable: effective control of population is absolutely essential in 90 percent of poor countries if they are to get anywhere at all—revolution or no revolution. To play down the magnitude of this problem, as Hudson does, and to ignore the consequences of a laissez-faire attitude on this question, is extremely dangerous. Clearly population control will not solve the problem of poverty or of development by itself, and it should certainly not divert attention from other aspects of the task, but the hard inescapable fact remains, that while a reasoned population policy is not in itself a sufficient condition for development, it is an abso-

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lutely necessary one.

In conclusion, these two essays contain some perceptive and important statements both of fact and of philosophy. But there is also much that we feel is misleading and possibly even harmful. It is too easy to lay the blame for the present difficulties of the Third World on the corporations and governments of the advanced countries; this has long been a convenient line of argument for vested interests in the underdeveloped countries wishing to shift responsibility and rally nationalistic support. Similarly, broad generalizations about the Third World may lead to major problems' being overlooked or misunderstood. How, for instance, would Goulet and Hudson interpret the fact that Yahya Khan, China and the U.S.A. have *all* agreed, tacitly or overtly, that East Bengal should be brutally forced to submit to West Pakistan's domination, with the latter two providing the first with material assistance to accomplish this object? The intellectual tools which are provided by this book are too blunt to deal effectively with many of the most difficult issues we face today.

The Cruel Choice (Cont.)

cipally concerned with the quality of life and the values of civilization; and that an ultimate, irreducible, inalienable right of every civilized society is its right to write its own history. The processes and strategies for development currently offered to the poor nations by the rich negate that right, because they are designed to keep the emerging consciousness of the poor from asserting itself and flowering into autonomy.

The affluent society that is the goal consciously pursued by the United States for its own citizens is possible for the entire population of the world, Goulet concedes, but it is possible only "on terms demeaning to underdeveloped societies themselves." It would simply require that the technologically advanced nations "concentrate their productive potential on producing essential consumer goods for everyone in the world."

Quite apart from the unrealism of the assumption that the rich nations would agree to harness their productive forces to meet the world's priority needs, Goulet rejects this approach for two reasons. The poor nations could "not accept, without damage to their dignity, being mere beneficiaries, and not creative agents of their own development." In addition, the end result would be the transformation of the entire human race into "a gigantic social engineering laboratory" for the manipulation of "a bread-and-circuses culture." The only argument, adds Goulet, "which recommends this measure is its technical feasibility. Of course, it is also technically feasible to destroy all life on the planet, through radiation or germ warfare."

True development must produce both bread and dignity for the beneficiary; and this, Goulet argues convincingly, can be achieved only if the world as a whole "sets out to eliminate poverty, not to obtain affluence." The rich must

America pays homage to Mother Teresa, the Servant of Calcutta's poor.

On October 16th in Washington, D.C. Mother Teresa was the recipient of the special Kennedy International Award for outstanding service to humanity, granted by the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. Foundation.

Pearl S. Buck calls her "a genius for love," and declares "we are all made the better for such a person's presence on earth."

Much will be written of Mother Teresa in the next few weeks as she visits America. None of it will capture her spirit as Malcolm Muggeridge has in this remarkable biography.

Sargent Shriver urges, "read her book but more important live it, for if America is lucky this book and this woman will infect our nation."

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"practice on a world basis a principle they repeatedly urge upon governments of underdeveloped countries—namely, to meet the urgent and important needs of poorer classes even at the cost of not giving new privileges to those already advantaged." National growth rates might "continue to grow substantially," but the "added value would be transferred to needy societies and recorded as growth in their national statistics." The cruel choice is accordingly between having enough and having too much.

Also basic to Goulet's analysis is the concept of the dialectic, the formulation of which will be useful for those who wonder why the social scientists and economists of the Third World have embraced Marxism as a tool for evaluating the reality they live. Incidentally, Pope Paul in his apostolic letter commemorating the 80th anniversary of *Rerum Novarum* has finally given specific if grudging papal approval for the use of this Marxist contribution to economic and social analysis.

Development, Goulet insists, is "a risky venture fraught with contradictions and irrationalities." Even intended change produces unintended consequences. "One errs if he supposes that the task of the planner is to sketch out fully the consequences of a projected policy," because he is always dealing with what ultimately is "a scandal, a shockingly ambiguous admixture of goods and evils, a veritable dialectical process."

High on the list of scandals involved in development is the use of counter-violence by the oppressed when their oppressors manipulate power to perpetuate injustice. Goulet rejects the conventional Christian rationalizations of just war or overthrow of tyranny, appealing instead to the dialectic of "man's condition in history," which forces him to destroy the values of goodness, justice and freedom "in those he calls enemies, perhaps even in himself." Revolutionaries deceive themselves when they think they can avoid compromise, he says. Or, as I. F. Stone put it, "With the assumption of temporal power, the Revolution, like the Church, enters into a state of sin."

The dialectic rhythm permeates the entire book. In Goulet's own words, "powerful countries must become vulnerable in order to achieve reciprocity with weaker partners suffering from structurally imposed vulnerability. Austerity can be imposed on the poor only if it is assumed also by the rich. A cultural revolution must take place inside developed countries if underdeveloped countries are to succeed in their own cultural revolution."

REVIEWERS

LEONARD KRIEGEL's book on Edmund Wilson has just been published by Southern Illinois University Press.

CARLO A. WEBER is the author of *The Time of the Fugitive* (Doubleday).

LESLIE and TIMOTHY NULTY are an American couple living in England. He is a lecturer in economics at he University of Durham. She is a research assistant in economics at the same university.

GARY MACEOIN's latest book is *Revolution Next Door: Latin America in the 1970's* (Holt. Rinehart).

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 99)

that the university would consist only of students and unskilled workers and no teachers.

4) I dissent from the way in which the strike was conducted. Entrances to the heating plants were blocked and deliveries prevented of milk and diaper service to the married students' dormitories. The university had to invoke police action to clear the channels. A strike is refusal to work. To cut off heat, food and washing is war.

Mr. Hale refers to Yale as "a mountain of untaxed wealth." No, only a hill. Yale has extensive properties which are taxed because they are not used for educational purposes. If one objects to the exemption of those which are used for educational purposes then one ought to object to all of the state universities. Exemption may admittedly work an inequity. If a school serves only a locality that locality may appropriately be called

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upon to bear the burden. But if the school, like Yale, serves the nation, then the city in which it happens to be located might well be given state or federal aid.

Mr. Hale continues: "The campus is beautiful and set against the squalor of the rest of New Haven its beauty is an unbearable affront." It is no more beautiful than the green which is maintained by the municipality. And would Mr. Hale remove the affront by universalizing squalor?

"The relation of the low-skilled workers to the Yale faculty provides a thousand occasions a day for unspoken resentment. 'Empty the waste basket,' or, 'Here, boy, take away this tray,' or 'See if you can't do something about cleaning the windows,' Anyone who has ever worked on a university faculty will know what that relationship is made of." So then, Mr. Hale is not quoting what he has heard at Yale but only that which "anyone will know." I have worked on the Yale faculty commencing, I suspect, long before Mr. Hale was born and I have not encountered snobbishness. Why should we professors be snobbish when we earned our way in part as unskilled workers?

ROLAND H. BAINTON
Professor Emeritus
of Ecclesiastical History

Reply

1) Yale already *is* a rich man's school, and there is no better evidence than the fact that Yale, with all its resources, cannot come up with any scheme for supporting poor students except by making them work in the dining halls. Are we really to believe that with all its professional talent and with all its wealth, it can do no better than that? And the union did not demand that student employment be *discontinued*; only that it not be expanded beyond its present level.

2) The FUE conceded the school's right to replace unskilled workers with labor-saving machinery whenever Yale wished. This was not really an issue. The issue was the school's desire to replace unskilled workers with unskilled students, thus threatening the viability of the union. Nor is Yale in any danger of being driven to bankruptcy by its dining hall employees, as the reference to the Penn Central suggests.

3) Again: the issue here is the integrity of the union as a bargaining agent. The greater the percentage of students in the bargaining unit, the less the likelihood of the union's waging a successful, prolonged strike. A union that cannot strike is not a union.

4) The kind of conduct complained of here accompanies every strike that ever happened or ever will happen. It is one of the many unfortunate consequences of living in a capitalist society.

Mr. Bainton's comment about Yale "serving the nation" is typical of the attitude so many liberals took during the strike. It amounts to saying "We're special, and the usual rules don't apply." Who *says* Yale serves the nation? Who says it besides Yale people, whose service, if it exists at all, is amply rewarded? Yale may only be a "hill" of wealth, and not a mountain, but looked at from the vantage point of men and women who earn less than $5000 a year, the hill is big enough. It is just this inability of normally decent and liberal people to see how things look from the bottom that is so disturbing. It would not hurt Mr. Bainton any to try to imagine how *he* would like to serve others for a pittance, and what he might be tempted to do about it.

DENNIS HALE

Cleary's Critics

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Does worshiping among groups of friends lead ultimately to elitism? The many letters in response to Bill Cleary's article ["Instant Church" Aug. 20] assume that it does, or to a kind of self-congratulatory happy hour.

What Cleary's critics are really holding onto so tightly, however, is not the idea of church but to the parish structure. They assume that since Cleary's "instant church" does not assemble under a parish umbrella, it is divisive, dangerous, enthusiast, etc. They confuse unity in the Spirit with cultural uniformity. They rejoice that they are enduring the dreadful dullness of the typical parish Mass, secure that this particular routine somehow binds them to the universal church.

Father Echlin, in his response to Cleary is guilty of equal confusion when he gets "ministry" mixed up with "priesthood." Echlin says the "free ministry" is a contradiction in terms, thus denigrating every nun, lay brother, and layman who ever offered a ministerial service without the benefit of ordination. Echlin believes that preaching should be reserved for those in Holy Orders. Had he lived in the 12th century, he would have made sure that St. Francis of Assisi was relegated to scrubbing floors.

There is ample historical justification for a diversity of community styles in religion. The church has always allowed for it. Indeed, the fact that Cleary's group seems to upset some people is an indication to me that it comes from the Spirit.

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—Pope Paul in his appeal to religious groups of the world asking for prayer and fasting on behalf of child refugees from East Pakistan.

The bulk of the 9,000,000 refugees from East Pakistan have fled to Bengal. With its capital, Calcutta, it is one of the poorest and most crowded areas of the entire world.

Catholic Relief Services is supplying food rations for hundreds of thousands of refugees, and in addition is shipping anti-cholera vaccine to stem an epidemic, and tarpaulin as protection against the monsoon rains.

The Pope has asked for fasting. The ancient Christian idea of fasting was summed up in "Let the fasting of the faithful be the banquet of the poor."

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